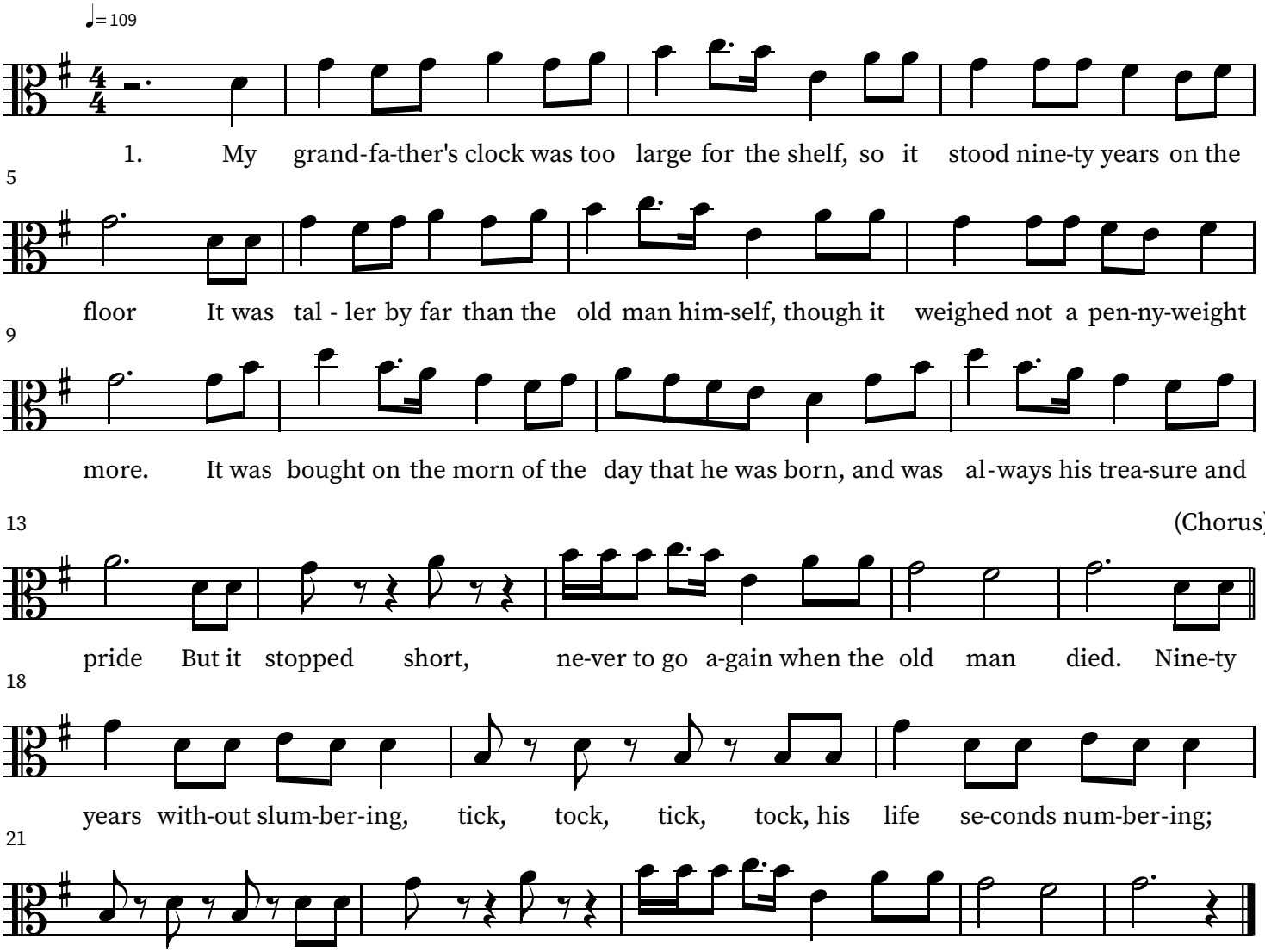
My Grandfather's Clock

Henry Clay Work


♩= 109
1. My grand-fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood nine-ty years on the
floor It was tal - ler by far than the old man him-self, though it weighed not a pen-ny-weight
more. It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was al-ways his trea-sure and
(Chorus)
pride But it stopped short, ne-ver to go a-gain when the old man died. Nine-ty
years with-out slum-ber-ing, tick, tock, tick, tock, his life se-conds num-ber-ing;
tick, tock, tick, tock It stopped short ne-ver to go a-gain when the old man died.

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2. In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent while a boy, and in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know and to share both his grief and his joy. For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door, with a blooming and beautiful bride; but it stopped short—never to go again—when the old man died.

3. My grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant so faithful he found, for it wasted no time, and had but one desire: at the close of each week to be wound. And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands never hung by its side. But it stopped short—never to go again—when the old man died.

4. It rang an alarm in the dead of the night, an alarm that for years had been dumb, and we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight—that his hour of departure had come. Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, as we silently stood by his side. But it stopped short—never to go again—when the old man died.

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